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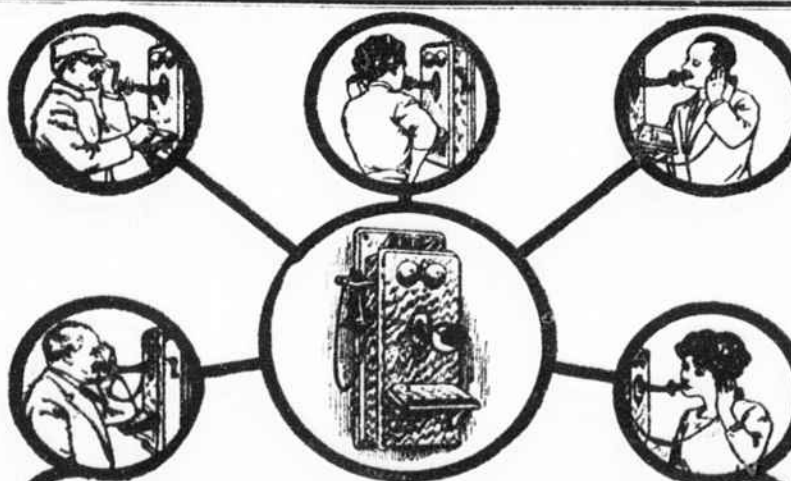
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SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY

South Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

HIS MOTHER NEEDED FOOD.

Therefore, Mason Hawkins, Forged Check—Paroled by Governor. Columbia, April 3.—Special. "I forged the check in order to get food for my mother," declared Mason Hawkins, a young prisoner from Anderson, who to-day was paroled by Governor Blease. Hawkins had been serving a sentence of one year for the offense. A. S. Hall, whose name was forged to the check, signed the petition for pardon. The amount of the forgery was \$5.

Hawkins was to-day paroled during good behavior. His mother is said to be in bad health and needs the support that young Hawkins will be able to furnish. This case attracted the pity of Governor Blease when Hawkins remarked that he forged the check to get food for his own mother. The Governor then looked into the petition and decided to parole Hawkins.

FIFTY MEN PERISH IN MINE.

Sudden Glare of Flames Sweeps Through Dark Passage.

Seranton, April 7.—One of the most serious disasters of this section occurred to-day at the little village of Thorpe, a short distance from this city, when between 50 and 60 men and boys met death in the Hancock colliery, three miles from the city.

Among those who perished are Joseph Evans, who was in charge of the United States mine rescue car; Isaac Dawe, a fire boss, and Walter Knight, a foreman.

Evans' death was the result of defective oxygen-charged armor. Chas. Nelson, the expert engineer in charge of miners on the work for the federal government, was overcome and is said to be in a critical condition.

Up to a late hour to-night nearly two score of bodies had been piled at the bottom of the shaft. At midnight twenty bodies had been taken from the mine and arranged in the temporary morgue in one of the breaker buildings.

None of the bodies recovered was mutilated, death doubtless having been caused by inhaling flames and gas. The rescuers are pushing in to the mine, and it is thought all of the bodies will be recovered within a few hours.

The fire started in an engine house at the opening of a slope 750 feet from the surface. There were 400 men in the mine when the fire started, about 60 of them in the workings into which the slope led. These 60 were at work in a "blind" tunnel at the end of the slope.

CRIMINAL ASSAULT CHARGED.

White Mill Operative Lodged in Lexington County Jail.

Columbia, April 3.—Special. Charged with criminal assault, March 10th, upon a motherless girl of 15, William Mims, a forty-year-old mill operative of New Brookland, was to-day committed to the Lexington jail, upon a warrant issued by Magistrate Buff.

According to the story told by the girl—whose name is here withheld, under the statute forbidding publication of the victim's name in such cases—the incident of March 10th was not the first mistreatment of her by Mims. The girl first told her story to some relatives and these caused his arrest Sunday by Mr. John Sturkey, chief of the New Brookland police, on the nominal charge of disorderly conduct. Later in the day she made a full statement to Magistrate Buff, in the presence of Messrs. J. B. Mims, C. L. Wyndham and P. D. Haley, and as a result a warrant charging criminal assault was sworn out Monday morning by Mr. Wyndham, who is overseer of spinning in the Columbia Mills Company. Mims, the defendant, has been at various times an operative in the twister room of the duck mill.

Upon this warrant Mims was Monday removed from the town guard house in New Brookland, and taken to the county jail at Lexington by Chief of Police Sturkey, whom Magistrate Buff deputized as constable for that purpose. Mims did not ask for preliminary hearing. The girl is with relatives in New Brookland.

Mims is described as a "floater." He is said to be from Sumter. Recently he has not worked regularly anywhere. His wife died about 13 years ago. He has but one child. The penalty for his alleged offense is death by hanging.

Magistrate Buff does not care at this time to give away the State's case by discussing for publication the details of the girl's story. He intimates that there may be other arrests.

With L. Blease—died a man of gold and that its exact location was told about on a phonograph record which was not to be read till after he had been five years dead. The time was up last week and the heirs gathered at the house of the son to hear what the phonograph had to say. They were seated in the parlor when the record of the lawyer with the record was announced. He unwrapped the precious article in the kitchen, just as he stepped through the door into the parlor he tipped over the phonograph, fell and broke the record into so many pieces as to render it useless. There the curtain fell by the door.

The Herald force was remanded in a very kind and pleasant manner by McLaurin's drug store Monday afternoon when several dishes of delightful ice cream were sent over with the compliments of the proprietor, Mr. J. H. McLaurin. It is needless to say that the crew was greatly enjoyed and that each member of the force can testify to a "volence" the day.

JAMES BUCHANAN DUKE.

Some of the Characteristics of the Great Tobacco Magnet—Has No Special Fads or Foibles.

About twenty-two years has Mr. Duke been building his tobacco throne. Round, slow, fat, this Alexander of tobacco no more resembles the conqueror in appearance than a flippers-winged penguin resembles

an eagle. Still—this by way of warning—you can no more judge a man by his looks than you can judge a watermelon by its looks. In his well-to-do person, Mr. Duke wick in Crutcher's pictures. There is everything that is benevolent, nothing wicked or harsh in his moon-like countenance, albeit touching the matter of benevolence he has thus far let slip no proofs. And yet, born in 1857, Mr. Duke has hardly reached the benevolent age. Philanthropy comes late in life. It takes three score years and a nearing tomb to ripen one's benevolence and unlock one's grasp on gold.

Mr. Duke made the vast bulk of his millions not by direct trade, whether licit or illicit, but by stock gambling; by the bringing together of stock lie and stock luck, by distilling the hydrant as an asset. In an old-fashioned day the world spoke evil of the milkman who numbered the pump among the members of his herd. The popular aversion to water has passed and departed away. Ninety dollars in every hundred now sleeping in the coffers of our captains of industry came floating in to them on those watery tides wherewith they inundated their stocks. What milkman ever lived so desperately aqueous as to offer his customer nine parts water to one part milk?

It was Washington, father of our Mr. Duke, who over forty years ago sowed inadvertently the seeds of the tobacco trust. The Duke tobacco fortunes were sprouted in a hovel on the farm of Washington Duke. This is to say, was the year of grace 1865. It was steep, up hill effort, and the Dukes were far from being sapped of luxury during those opening years. Little by little, however, the Duke outlook began to press on the bit and cock its tail. The whole family—and that included James Buchanan Duke in that day known as "Buck"—toiled at tobacco, either in the field or in the factory. The team work of the Dukes was great.

As a round result in trust building, a bill of \$1,000,000 upon Ossa, Mr. Duke can point to \$500,000,000 in stocks and bonds, all born of \$500,000 which he brought together in a five sided wedding of tobacco assets in 1889. To-day Mr. Duke rules the tobacco world. He tells France, Italy, Australia, Spain—his only rivals among tobacco buyers—where and where only they shall buy. Every other inch of tobacco growing territory he reserves for himself. And no one is to molest him upon any of his bags.

Lodged in safety behind his bags of gold, Mr. Duke delights to patronize mankind with counsel and amiable correction. There can be nothing more benignantly serene than the patience wherewith our money monarchs review the troubles of other people, nothing more beautiful than their placid confidence that those troubles are taught save the people's faults. And so they bubble on in strains both agreeable and lofty, and the only smile you can find is that there aren't two words of "Tut" or common sense in all they talk.

Certainly these remarks are addressed to the working man. Who ever heard of even the most loquacious among our rich money monarch talking to anyone else. Being rich with the world's millions—millions which now they have them they regard as tokens not to be disputed of their thrift and experience what should be more natural than for them to call a laboring and poverty-stricken world about their feet, to be mildly reproached and soberly admonished and majestically talked down?

In his person Mr. Duke illustrates the principle of round-and-thick in human architecture. He has a round, but not thick body; round thick legs and arms and neck. His head is round, but not thick. His face is round, his nose without quality, his lips uncertain, his eyes washed-out gray. His hair—what's left—is red. There is nothing of the hero about him—nothing fierce, nothing predatory; all is round, soft, slow, pudgy, crude, commonplace. In nothing is he the victim of a temperament or a taste. He comes nothing for horses or automobiles, or dogs, or yachts, or pictures, or the petty matters which engage his gold-toothed fellows. He dilates into no palaces, expands into no wild estates. To him the table is nothing, the bottle nothing. He eats, he drinks, only because he must, not because he likes to. No one hears of him at grand opera, for him books have no charms. The drama? Should you mention Shakespeare to him, he'd think you meant a town in Arizona.—Rock Hill Record.

14 Ride On One Ticket.

Muskogee, Okla., March 30.—Oklahoma is about to acquire a remarkable family. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scott, of Highland, Kan., are seeking location for a home in the State where they can obtain plenty of land. They will need it, for they have been married not quite ten years and are now parents of 19 children, all of them boys and 13 of them living. They held the record on triplets, having five sets of twins. All of the 13 boys living are under five years of age.

At Omaha the conductor made a vigorous protest:

"Madam, you cannot carry a whole Sunday School class with you on that one ticket and you need not tell me these are all yours. You will have to pay fares for some of them."

"The rules of the company provide that a child under five years of age may ride free when accompanied by its parents with a first class ticket, don't they?" retorted Mrs. Scott.

"They do, but you'll have to show me."

Then Mrs. Scott dug down into her valise and brought out the family Bible in which were recorded the names and ages of each of her children. The conductor had to give in. The mother and children occupied five double seats in the home-seeker's car and paid for only one.